

PICTURES
FROM
PUNCH.

By

JOHN LEECH.

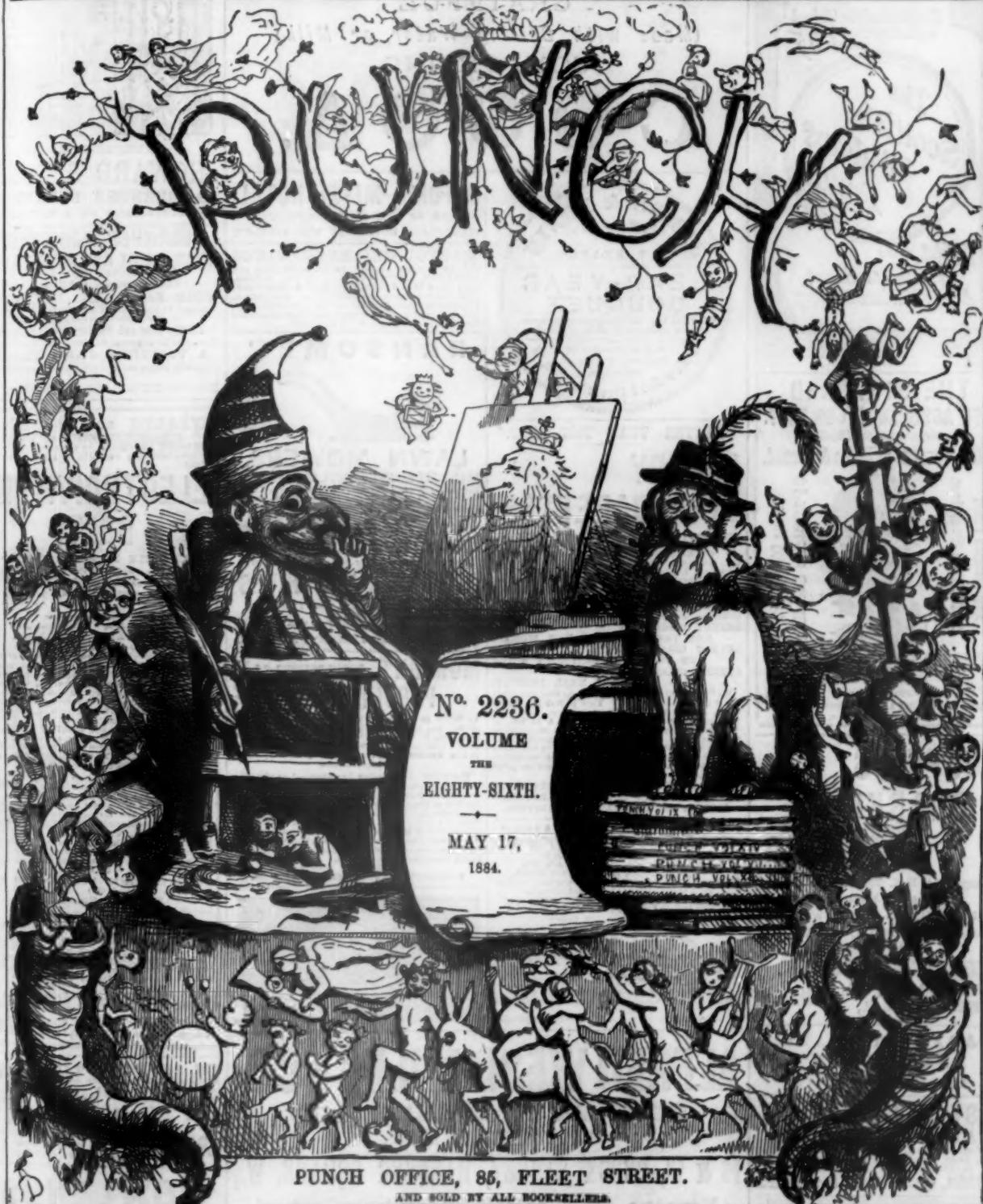
Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.,
8, 9, 10, Bowes Street.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER. Comprising nearly

3000 Sketches from the Collection of MR. PUNCH, &c.
In 1 vol., fine cloth extra, price £3 3 0 | In 2 folio vols., half morocco, price £4 4 0
In 5 volumes, cloth, gilt edges price £0 12 6 each.

PENCILINGS FROM PUNCH. A Selection of the late JOHN
LEECH'S Cartoons from PUNCH. With Explanatory Notes. In royal quarto.
with a Portrait, half morocco, price 31s. 6d.

PRICE THREE PENCE.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PICTURES
FROM
PUNCH.

By

GEO. DU MAURIER.
By
CHARLES KEENE.

ENGLISH SOCIETY AT HOME. "Society" Pictures from
PUNCH. Printed on India Paper and mounted on Plate Paper. Super royal
quarto. Price 2 guineas.

OUR PEOPLE. Depicted in nearly 400 Illustrations from the
Collection of MR. PUNCH. Super royal 4to, gilt edges. Price £1 11s. 6d.

NEW NOVEL BY A NEW AUTHOR.
At all Libraries. In Three Vols.
DOWN THE WAY. By HOPE
STAFFORD. "Where is thy hand to lead me
down the way?"—London: J. and R. MAXWELL,
Shore Lane, and 38, St. Bride Street, E.C.

EDINBURGH: S. ANDREW'S SQUARE.

Established for Mutual Life Assurance—1815.

The Scottish Widows' Fund.

1884.—The Assets exceed Eight Millions Sterling.

LONDON: 28, CORNHILL, E.C.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1825.
Life Assurance at Home & Abroad.



Accumulated Fund, 6 Millions Sterling.
Bonus Distributed, 3½ Millions Sterling.

EDINBURGH, 8 George St. (Head Office).
LONDON, 83 King William Street, E.C.
3 Pall Mall East, S.W.
DUBLIN, 66 Upper Sackville Street.
BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENCIES IN INDIA AND THE COLONIES.

HOOPER'S SPARKLING SELTZER.

As supplied to H.M. THE QUEEN and the
elite of the Aristocracy.

AN EXQUISITE TABLE WATER.
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND WINE MERCHANTS
IN THE KINGDOM.

HOOPER & COMPY.,
7, PALL MALL EAST, S.W., { **LONDON.**
55, CROSVENOR ST., W., }

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.
Open from 10 till 10.

BEST HAVANA CIGARS.
AT IMPORT PRICES.
Excellent Foreign Cigars, as supplied to the Leading
Clubs, Army Messes, and public. Nos. 2s., and 2s.
per 100. Samples, 5 for 1s. (14 Stamps).
BENSON, 61, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. THE BEST AND SAFEST
ARTICLE FOR CLEANING SILVER ELECTRO-
PLATE. 2s. Two GOLD MEDALS—New Zealand 1882.
Calcutta, 1883. Moxon, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL (Made with Boiling Water or Milk.) COMFORTING COCOA.



"BETTER THAN THE BEST."

LUXURY CIGARETTES.

THE LUXURY CIGARETTES contain all that is delicious in Cigarette smoking. They are skilfully rolled by hand in the runs, TASTLESS FRENCH RICE PAPER, and are made from the IMPERIAL BEER GROWLER TOBACCO. The Tobacco which is in absolute purity, possesses delicacy of flavor, and being SOFT and MELLOW on the TONGUE and PALATE, the Luxury Cigarettes can be smoked and inhaled with impunity.

LUXURY CIGARETTES

ARE THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

LUXURY CIGARETTES

ARE THE MOST DELICIOUS MADE.

LUXURY CIGARETTES

ARE A REAL LUXURY.

No Cigarettes have ever been made that can equal the Luxury Cigarettes. You will be fully satisfied, as you will find by experience. Ask your Tobacconist or Cigar Merchant for a packet of "Luxury Cigarettes," and you will be surprised to find that such good Cigarettes are made. The Luxury Cigarettes are made from the finest Spanish and Ova' Smoking each, and you cannot buy better Cigarettes if you pay twice or three times the price for them.

ALWAYS SMOKE LUXURY CIGARETTES.
ALWAYS SMOKE LUXURY CIGARETTES.
ALWAYS SMOKE LUXURY CIGARETTES.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

In consequence of Imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the public, Lea & Perrins' now call attention to the fact that each bottle of the Original and Genuine

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE bears their signature, thus—



... Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester, Cross & Blackwell, London; and Export Officers generally.

Retail by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

ALFRED WEBB MILES & CO.

THE WORLD-FAMED TAILORS AND
TROUSERS MAKERS,

10 & 12, BROOK STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.,

Have no other Establishment in or out of
London.

The New Spring and Summer Goods now ready.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

PARQUET FLOORS



MANUFACTURED BY
HOWARD & SONS,
26, BERNERS STREET, W.
ILLUSTRATIONS ON APPLICATION.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS,
ARMS, CREST AND ADDRESS DIES
ENGRAVED AS GEMS,

from Original and Artistic Designs.
NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES,
Stamped in Color Relief and Illuminated by hand
in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Cobalt.

All the New and Fashionable Note Paper.
HERALDIC ENGRAVING, PAINTING, & ILLUMINATED.
A VISITING CARD PLATE,
Elegantly Engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed
for £1. 6s.

RODRIGUES, 42, Piccadilly, W.

HEALTH and INTEGRAL
STRENGTH IMPARTED, and IMPAIRED
VITALITY RESTORED by the use of mild con-
tinuous Galvanic currents, as given by means
of the

ELECTROPATHIC BELT,

RECENTLY INVENTED BY THE
PALL-MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION,
21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

ELECTRIC ENERGY is
readily converted into VITAL ENERGY,
and the marvellous curative efficacy of the
ELECTROPATHIC BELT in REGENERATION,
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT, KIDNEY COMPLAINT,
EPILYSIS, PARALYSIS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION,
PERITONEAL COMPLAINTS, and LOCAL DISEASES.
For VARIOUS DISEASES, &c., &c., it is
now UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED, not
only by the PROFESSION, but by the PUBLIC
at large, as witness the HOST OF TESTIMONIALS
extracts from well-known medical men,
and patients, poor from over application to the
PALL-MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, 21,
HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

PATIENTS suffering from
any of the above ailments are invited
to call at 21, Holborn Viaduct, and get free
for themselves the electric apparatus, and also
take the advice of the CONSULTING MEDICAL
ELECTRICIAN, who has had FOURTEEN
YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the use of curative
electricity and its special application to various
maladies. Consultation and advice free
daily, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

ELECTROPATHIC BELT forwarded post
free on receipt of P.O. for £1, payable to
C. B. HARNES, 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT,
LONDON, E.C.

BEWARE of OBSOLETE and
WORTHLESS GALVANIC CHAINS, which
invariably cause sloughing sores and lifelong
scars on the body, as any medical man can testify.
Send for Pamphlet, "ELECTROPATHIC," post free from
Dr. Scott's GUIDE TO HEALTH, post free from

Pall-Mall Electric Association,
21, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

THE PERFUME OF PURITY.
A few drops in water used for
brushing the teeth leave a
sense of absolute
purity in the mouth.

CONDY'S OZONISED WATER
Used for
face, it softens the complexion,
skin, clears the complexion,
and relieves irritation of all kinds.
Prices: 2s., double size, 3s., 6s., 1s., and 1s.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO
Whitens the Teeth, and prevents and arrests decay.
2s. 6d. Of Chemists and Perfumers. Buy no Odonto
except Rowlands—the only genuine.

"SHERRY" AND WATER; OR, A SHADE SEVERE.

(A Legend of the Haymarket.)

"PRAY, Sir, and what may be the painting on the Curtain?"

"That," I replied to the individual in his old-fashioned cloak who sat beside me in the Second Circle, "that is a scene from the *School for Scandal*."

"Upon my word you astonish me. I should know the play well, and yet I fail to recognise it; but when the critics of the Pit are driven into the Gallery, nothing should cause surprise."

At this moment the Curtain rose. We had a Street in Bath. The houses were built of Bath bricks. There was a sound of a horn, and it was evident that it was supposed that the Bath Coach had just arrived. To carry out this idea, some of the passengers were seen to walk off, others were taken home in Bath chairs by Bath chairmen. There was a good deal of bustle on the Stage, but no talking. Then an actor busied himself with a stable, and an apple-woman tried to sell apples. The other shops, to complete the illusion, should have sold Bath chaps, Bath buns, Bath towels, and so forth. No doubt there were round the corner, off the Stage. A bill-sticker posted up a play-bill. A lamp-lighter carried across the Stage his ladder.

"Why, what's all this?" cried my mysterious companion. "Hang me! but I think they have changed the Comedy into a ballet of action! Nay, I am wrong. Here come *Fag* and *Thomas*. They were played by LEE LEWES and FEARON in 'seventy-five."

Then for a few minutes we had the dialogue of the play. My com-

panion complained bitterly that his attention was distracted by the business of the supers who represented the Bath townspeople.

"Hang that circulating librarian and his books!" he exclaimed. "Can't he shut up his shop and have done with it! But what have we here? Why, as I live, *Sir Lucius* and *Mistress Lucy*! But *Sir Lucius* dressed like that! More like a doctor! No! 'Gad it is *Sir Lucius*!' They have misunderstood their cue. We ought to see nothing of them together until the Second Act, and then it should be on the North Parade."

But I explained that while "strictly preserving the text" (I quoted from the play-bill) "it had been found possible, by means of a few transpositions of the dialogue and some variation of the locality, to avoid shifting the scenes in view of the audience." And, I added, "that Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. PINERO were jointly responsible for this arrangement of the Comedy."

"Hang their impudence!" exclaimed my companion. "Why shouldn't the scenes be changed in the sight of the audience? and as for the transposition of the dialogue, I believe it is only transposed to make the scenes long enough for the performance of all that super tomfoolery!" I begged my companion to be more quiet, though, strange to say, his outspoken remarks seemed to attract no sort of attention from the people around us.

When the Act concluded with a procession of a Bath chair headed

by a torch-bearing footman, and a serenade sung seemingly by *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* (I think I recognised his voice) behind the scenes, the indignation of my companion knew no bounds, and he declared that "they had begun by making the play into a ballet, and ended by converting it into an opera!"

My strange fellow-playgoer was not too well pleased with the scene of "*Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings*" in the Second Act. He objected that there were too many chairs and sofas, saying that these articles of furniture tempted the Ladies of the Company "to move

round from seat to seat like horses in a circus." When the Curtain fell he was extremely angry.

"Why, how far have we got on?" he asked, indignantly. "The chief objection to the Comedy when it was produced was that it was



Street in Bath. The Figures will "Work,"—yes, but not Play.

too long, and yet here we have a mass of unnecessary details, which irritate the mind, and distract the attention. Who wanted, for instance, to see that Negro page bringing in the tea of *Mrs. Malaprop*?"

But he was loud in his praises of Mrs. STERLING, and said that she was better than Mrs. GREEN, the original representative of the part. This rather surprised me, as although old-fashioned in appearance, my companion seemed to be a man in the prime of life. I could not understand how he had been able to be present at the initial performance of the Comedy more than a hundred years ago, as he declared he had.

"It was damned by the acting of Mr. LEE in the character of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. And yet," he added, with a smile, "do you know, I'm certain I liked poor Mr. LEE better than I do Mr. BISHOP! As a Dublin man I never saw two milder Irishmen in the whole course of my experience."

And then he began complaining of the acting generally, saying that the representative of *Julia* would have been better suited with the rôle of *Lady Macbeth*, "a part admirably adapted to her voice and person," and that "*Simplicity*," the maid, was only a "moderately satisfactory *soubrette*."

He was not over-pleased with the Scene of the Third Act described in the playbill as "A Room in an Inn." How did such a Scene as that get there, he wanted to know. As SHAKESPEARE had placed the Witches on the heath, would anyone be warranted in making their interview take place in a booth at a fair of the period, just,



The Tea-Room in Bath Assembly-Rooms. "Please not to touch the figures." forsooth, to illustrate the manners and customs of that time? Certainly not. He wanted to know why Captain Jack was having his head powdered, and what authority Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. PINERO had for sitting Faulkland down to breakfast.

"I confess," he said, as the Curtain fell for the third time, "that

Messrs. Bancroft and Pinero adulterating some fine old "Sherry."

(After Gilray—some way.)

companion complained bitterly that his attention was distracted by the business of the supers who represented the Bath townspeople.

"Hang that circulating librarian and his books!" he exclaimed. "Can't he shut up his shop and have done with it! But what have we here? Why, as I live, *Sir Lucius* and *Mistress Lucy*! But *Sir Lucius* dressed like that! More like a doctor! No! 'Gad it is *Sir Lucius*!' They have misunderstood their cue. We ought to see nothing of them together until the Second Act, and then it should be on the North Parade."

But I explained that while "strictly preserving the text" (I quoted from the play-bill) "it had been found possible, by means of a few transpositions of the dialogue and some variation of the locality, to avoid shifting the scenes in view of the audience." And, I added, "that Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. PINERO were jointly responsible for this arrangement of the Comedy."

"Hang their impudence!" exclaimed my companion. "Why shouldn't the scenes be changed in the sight of the audience? and as for the transposition of the dialogue, I believe it is only transposed to make the scenes long enough for the performance of all that super tomfoolery!" I begged my companion to be more quiet, though, strange to say, his outspoken remarks seemed to attract no sort of attention from the people around us.

When the Act concluded with a procession of a Bath chair headed by a torch-bearing footman, and a serenade sung seemingly by *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* (I think I recognised his voice) behind the scenes, the indignation of my companion knew no bounds, and he declared that "they had begun by making the play into a ballet, and ended by converting it into an opera!"

My strange fellow-playgoer was not too well pleased with the scene of "*Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings*" in the Second Act. He objected that there were too many chairs and sofas, saying that these articles of furniture tempted the Ladies of the Company "to move



THE HONEYMOON.

*Wife (after a little "tiff"). "BUT YOU LOVE ME, DEAR"—(sniff)—"STILL?"
Husband ("Cross old thing!"). "OH LOR', YES, THE STILLER THE BETTER!"*

I am as much disappointed with the Gentlemen as with the Ladies. Certainly Mr. BANCROFT is capable as *Faulkland*, and plays remarkably well, but I am sure the Author never intended *Young Absolute* to be a mincing, posturing Macaroni, nor *Bob Acres* to appear as a grimacing, capering, and half-witted country lout."

The next two Acts were passed in "the Tea-room of the New Rooms." Again my companion declared that the Comedy was being changed into a ballet of action. He was not in the least impressed with the supers playing at cards, and the grace of the Master of the Ceremonies.

"It is indeed ridiculous that all these incidents should be jumbled up together in the New Rooms," he observed after we had had the meeting of Miss and her lover, the quarrel-scene with *Faulkland* and *Julia*, and the writing of *Bob Acres'* letter; "and if Mr. BANCROFT and Mr. PINERO are indeed responsible for the strict preservation of the text, I wonder they allow gagging by the representatives of *Sir Anthony* and 'Fighting Bob.'"

I could not but admit that my companion had some reason for his complaint, although, no doubt, the interpolations may have been sanctioned by tradition. His indignation, however, culminated when we got to the last Act, showing King's-Mead-Fields.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "as I live they have cut out one of the best Scenes in the piece—I mean where *Jack* disowns his own father, calls himself *Mr. Saunderson*, and says that the sword he is taking with him with which to fight his duel, is intended as a bauble for *Lydia*! Oh, I protest it is too bad! But perhaps they know that the Gentleman cast for the part is not sufficiently rollicksome for the situation!"

My friend had become so indignant that I was quite delighted when the Curtain fell for the last time, and we were thus able to leave the theatre.

"I am glad it is over," he said when we had got into the street again. "But it was very trying. What made the success of the piece when it was first produced was its bustle, liveliness, and constant change of scene. As to 'heightening the effect of the Author's play without encumbering its action' (to quote the playbill), that is all nonsense. The constant 'business' of the supernumeraries carried on while the principals are talking, distracts the attention to such a degree that it is quite impossible to follow the dialogue. But there, it is over! I had to suffer this heavy infliction to regain the perfect Elysium, and I have undergone my punishment. But oh, it was hard to bear—very hard to bear!"

"Why, who are you?" I asked, not understanding the latter part of his speech.

The form of my companion gradually faded away, but I heard his voice answering,

"RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN!"

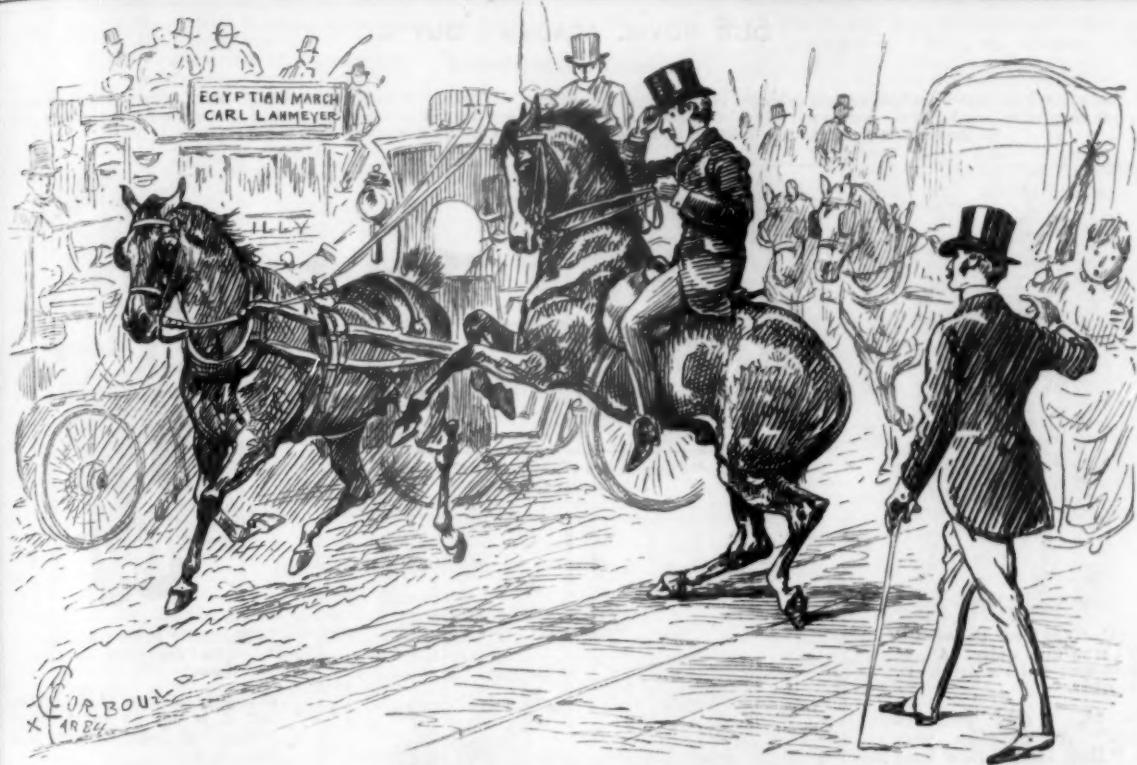
WHO WAS HIS HATTER?

MR. BANCROFT wrote last week to the papers to explain why the Upper-box-dress circle Pittites and Galleryites hissed on the first night of *The Rivals*. They had been rained on and were shelterless. Mr. BANCROFT explained why he couldn't give them shelter, because, while making the shelter, he had been compelled to pay, as he alleges, he was forced to do, £600 for letting a mere iron pole fall on somebody's hat. Yet Mr. BANCROFT makes no allusion to the head beneath the hat in question; and the excellent way in which its owner managed his business share in the transaction certainly looks as if it had received no sort of damage. Why, then, £600 for a hat? Is it possible that the Management of the Haymarket, always bent on doing everything in the best style, and quite royally, contrived to get the matter treated as a crown case reserved. This would have added, no doubt, to the costs. The matter is brimful of interest.

As Clear as Crystal.

THIS is an age of Exhibitions. We have collections of this, that, and t'other everywhere. But perhaps one of the best is at the same time one of the oldest. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham by its form recalls the Palace of Crystal of 1851, the father of all Exhibitions. The family tradition has been preserved. At this moment "Our one sight for foreigners" is filled with an admirable collection of the treasures of the modern world—glass from Austria, furniture from Holland, and pretty things from everywhere. In a word, "The International Exhibition of 1884" is being held at Sydenham, and heartily deserves success. If Londoners have the slightest claim to discrimination and taste, it will attain it.

NIHILISM OF THE WORST NATURE—
Doing nothing for GORDON.



IGNORANCE AND NO BLISS.

Friend, "I SEE YOU RIDE UPON THE CURB."
Young Gent (jerkily, in difficulties). "No—I DON'T. KEEP AS FAR—FROM—PAVEMENT AS—TRAFFIC—PERMITS. WOA! STAND STILL!"

GOOD MANNERS; OR, THE ART OF BEING
AGREEABLE.

No. IV.

Topics of Conversation.—If you happen to have been "well educated," or what is accepted generally in society as well educated, that is, brought up at one of the great Public Schools of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, or Harrow, it will be polite on your part to assume that the company generally, in which you may chance to find yourself, have participated in the same educational advantages as yourself, and, therefore, it will be well to introduce as early as possible into the conversation, anecdotes of the particular school that has the honour to claim you as one of its *alumni*. [N.B.—*Alumni*, *alumnus*, *status pupillari* are good terms, as also are *Alma mater*, *Academic*, and *curriculum*. Avoid the use of such slang as "*Varsity*," which is quite old-fashioned, and chiefly in vogue with non-University men, who wish it to be thought that they were "up" at either Oxford or Cambridge.]

Stories of your "Old School."—Let all these stories depend for their point and humour on an intimate acquaintance with the schoolboy-along of your time, and on a thorough knowledge of the persons and places which you are compelled to mention, and with which you, of course, will be perfectly familiar. Should you find among the company only one who has been to your school (before or after you, it doesn't matter), address all your conversation directly to *him*, and let it be all about *Brown Major*, or *THOMPOX Minor*, or *SMITH Minimus*; recount how, when *JONES* was Captain of the Boats, or *Bronx* Captain of *Oppidans*, or when one of the Masters known as "*Old Ginger*" took the Upper Fifth during the illnesses of *STUBBS*, how *GRIFFIN Minimus* was swished when *SNIFFIN Major* was the real culprit, and much other equally charming and generally entertaining matter, from which your companions, if they cannot join in it, may at least derive much pleasure and considerable profit.

Anecdotes and Impromptus.—Keep a commonplace-book by you. The more commonplace it is the better. Do not wait to enter therein only witty things, *bons mots*, *jeux-de-mots*, *caramboles*, humorous stories, and so forth, or you will be a long time making even a small

collection, but put down everything you can remember when you come home at night. For this purpose carry a small note-book for quietly making *mems* whenever the opportunity offers; good wristbands will do, only mind that your *mems* do not result in hieroglyphics which, two hours afterwards, you yourself will find to be hopelessly unintelligible, so that you will be puzzling yourself just before going to bed, and perhaps disturbing your rest in racking your memory to know what on earth you meant by these marks on your wristband, or jerky syllables in your jotting-book.

Preparation.—While dressing, whether to go out to dinner or not, make a rule of always learning one or more of these stories in your commonplace-book, and, *invariably*, one good repartee. Conversation, mind, is an art; with a partner, as at whist, you can get on brilliantly. But without one, you must, as it were, "take dummy," and play into your own hand. If you learn one story and one repartee by heart per night, at the end of one year you will have acquired a stock of three hundred and sixty-five stories, and the same number of repartees. At first, when you have only one good story and one good repartee, wait your two opportunities, say them at the right moment, and immediately afterwards go. Let nothing induce you to stop, or your reputation will be ruined. Go! fly! and then everyone will be wishing you had remained, and will be longing to meet you again. But—Avoid that same company for some time, and don't accept that host's invitation until you have mastered five good stories, and five repartees. When you have two good stories and two repartees, observe the same rule. Never outstay your welcome jest. To this rule there is absolutely no exception.

Never go to two parties in the same week when there is a probability of meeting the same people over again: but you may occasionally accept two invitations to the same house in the same week (when there is a four days' interval, which to you means four new stories, and four additional repartees), since you may be pretty sure of not having the same audience on both occasions. Recollect,—absence makes the heart grow fonder. Play yourself well, and turn yourself up as the right trump in the right place at the right time. When unable to dine out, practise your stories and repartees, if you are married, on your wife and family at home. Should you happen to be a bachelor, don't stay in *chez vous*, but go and keep your hand in at your Club.

OUR ROYAL ACADEMY GUY'D.

(Continued from Last Number.)

* * * The pictures are here described without reference to the "Official Catalogue," to which we only refer when in doubt as to the Artist's name. As a rule, we give the number of the picture and its evident meaning. If a picture does not tell its own story, so much the worse for the picture. Our illustrations are intended to assist the Public, and to indicate to the Artist what he ought to have meant.



No. 253. "Now then! Up you go!"
No mere child's play. A good
Hick-sample of the Artist. G.
E. Hicks.



No. 410. "Three Shies a Penny! Missed Again!"
John Pettie, R.A.



No. 354. "In the Highlands."
(See description in Catalogue.)

No. 28. "Girl with Old Pump." As Claudian would say, "How Long! How Long! How— EDWIN LONG, R.A."

No. 278. "Simple Cymon astonished at the First View of a Dress-Improver." Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. * * * For further particulars, see Pamphlet.

No. 346. "Sea-Meus for Sea-Horses." The Artist has been inspired by his own sea-muse, and no reference to Catalogue is necessary to ascertain that this is the work of J. C. HOOK, R.A.

No. 354. "In the Highlands; Whisky and Risky." "Can't I get any further?" he murmured to himself, as he leant against a pillar. Painted with all the Artist's force. REID'S Entire. GEORGE REID.

No. 372. "Does the Ghost walk? or, Treasury Morning at the Lyceum Theatre." Mr. HENRY IRVING taken at the moment of his putting his hand in his pocket to defray the salary list. It is



Nos. 448 and 449. The Hangers have put the numbers in wrong order; that is, if the pictures tell their own story. We have replaced them. 449 in first. They meet: the old style—of embrace. (448). They part!—"Somebody's coming!" Isn't this what you meant, oh, Mr. Marcus Stone? or, in Academical language, Marcus Stone, A.?



No. 647. "After the Hop-era's Over." JOSEPH FARQUHARSON.

No. 650. "Modern Galatea and Statue of Pygmalion." The statue has lost its head on seeing Galatea. [This is an old picture;



No. 35. (Described in last week's Catalogue. But his Storey repeats itself):—"I'll eat my hat if I don't catch one of her eyes." G. A. Storey, A.



No. 351. Naughty Child frightened by Bogie. F. G. Cotman.



No. 4. (1) Irritable Frenchman waiting for Shoeblock, who is (2) Otherwise engaged. Walter C. Hornby.

evidently the form of Mr. IRVING, but it is not up to the usual "form" of JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 395. "The Three Old Maids of Sea." JOHN BRETT, A.

No. 433. "A Spark-going out." Do you remember, a few years ago, the effective Picture of a young Lady playing an organ to her young man? Yes. Well, this is the very natural result. Here's the young Lady not a day older, and here's her young man just the same age as he was then. But this is not the way to point a moral, however much the tale may be adorned by FRANK DICKSEE, A.

No. 543. "A Shady Couple." MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

No. 597. "Kate Faw," or a little Stagg and Mantle. S. E. WALLER.

been in the French Salon, and engraved, hasn't it? If so, why [here?] JAN VAN BEERS.

No. 698. "Regardless of Rheumatics next Morning." If remonstrated with, they would only have mentioned the name of the Artist, which is (F. S.) WALKER!

No. 716. "Rough and Reddy." R. J. GORDON.
No. 746. "The Great Ram in the Time of McAdam." RICHARD ANSELL, R.A.



No. 650. "Modern Galatea and Statue of Pygmalion." (See description in Catalogue.)



No. 9. "Mrs. Claudian" (companion to the well-known advertisement). George McCulloch.

No. 851. "The First of April before Noon." Elderly Gentleman (loquacit). "Hang the servants! they will have their joke! they've pulled the cloth off the table, they've hung the hearth-rug over the back of my chair, they've disarranged my papers, they've left only one quill in the inkstand, and no writing-paper or blotting-paper! It's too bad! What shall I do?" KNIGHTON WARREN.

No. 866. "Argument on the Battle-field." Is it a shell or not? Anyhow, where's the kernel? R. CATON WOODVILLE.



No. 89. "Catch him alive O!" (See last week's Catalogue. Illustrated in this.)

GEMS OF THE FIRST WATER FROM THE PICCADILLY WATER-WORKS.

No. 332. *Monaco*. By ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I. Two figures, a Lady and Gentleman, on the terrace behind the Casino—perhaps represents *Trente et Quarante* (she's *Trente*, of course)—consulting

seated on a cushion; another on a chair. The latter with a Lyre by her side.—*First Classic Maiden (candidly)*. Quite right to put it down. You can't play the Lyre a bit. *Second Classic Maiden*. No,

—but you can.

No. 610. By GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.I. "For Men must work, and (some) Women must talk." Observe the Talking Woman. She's giving it 'em. "Hoe, indeed!" says she.

No. 806. By JOHN CHARLTTON. Hunting man talking with a pretty girl. The Artist calls it "*A Few Minutes to Spare*." Wrong; it is evidently "*The Meet*."

No. 823. By MRS. STILLMAN. Sudden faintness. Lady lifting a curtain and coming out, but not coming out strong.

No. 957. By JAMES HARDY, R.I. "What's your Little Game?"



Adoration of Hang-low Saxon Art at the Piccadilly Water-Works.

UNHAPPY THOUGHTS.

(For Nervous Equestrians in London.)

At Starting.—The saddle doesn't seem to be quite tightly on. Dare say it is. If saddle slips round, where should I be? Sounds like a riddle. Wish the horse wouldn't look about him so much. Which is the most slippery—the Macadam, the stones, the asphalt, or the wood? If he tumbles down, which way shall I tumble? Remember ASHEROW SMITH attributes his good hunting-seat to his having always ridden in London with his feet out of the stirrups. Should like to try it, if horse could be relied on not to take advantage of the opportunity.

The Street.—Hope that baker won't slam the lid of his hand-cart. Where's that beastly bicycle coming? ("Gently—gently then—gent-ly!") Wish bicycles wouldn't come up silently behind, and then pass with a rush. Don't wonder at a horse being frightened. I am. Dogs ought to be always led with a string: at least, when I'm out riding. Confound—I believe Hansom cabs don't care where they go.

Queries.—Why isn't tan laid down all round Regent's Park? Why aren't there roads for Equestrians in Kensington Gardens under the beautifully shady trees as there are in the Bois? And another Gate to the Park through Kensington Gardens out on to Bayswater side. What a ride it would be then!

In a Square.—Why will butchers drive at such a pace, and come round the Square just shaving the pavement! Here! Hi! What's that German band going to do?

Rotten Row.—Equestrians are very selfish. They're bad-mannered, too: or ignorant—or both. Why are these two Ladies coming towards me on their wrong side? Who's to give way? Why should I if I'm

in the right? Then on that narrow bit of soft stuff round the Park, intended for Equestrians, why will they—Ladies especially—persist in riding on the wrong side? Rule. If you're going slow and they're coming fast, give way to Ladies, scowl at their cavalier, but don't yield an inch to groom. If you're cantering on your right side and they're going slowly on their wrong side, you keep on your way and don't budge an inch. Consideration. If we collide, who's to prove I was in the right? Rule. Only do it when you are quite in the right, and a Policeman is watching.

In the Street.—Why can't the Life Guards go from Fulham to Knightsbridge without a band playing? They must know that some horses are nervous: I mean that mine is. If band is necessary, why brass instruments and drums? Why not only fiddles and flutes? Much prettier and far more appropriate in piping times of peace. Rattling carts ought not to be allowed. Wish that organman would stop. He doesn't understand me. What's Italian for stop? He only grins, and touches his cap. Washerwoman's carts that jingle as if they were coming to pieces ought not to follow you at a slow jog-trot. Most irritating. Hansom cabdrivers, who are generally credited with something of a horsey character, ought to know better than to drive rapidly within two inches of your knee.

By Cumberland Gate.—Won't that bus-driver see that I'm holding up my hand for him to stop? Is that cart coming right into my horse's tail? Why don't the Police—Ah!—safe at last!

On Railway Bridge and near Underground Railways.—Wish they wouldn't practise signalling with flags in Hyde Park. Why isn't there some invention for rendering trains noiseless and smokeless?

Why aren't the London streets generally broader, with a good tan-road everywhere for Equestrians?



A DISENCHANTMENT.

Grandpapa. "WHAT! BOB IN LOVE WITH MISS FONTALBA, THE COMIC ACTRESS AT THE PARTHENON!"

Bob (springing up). "YES, GRANDPA! AND IF YOU'VE GOT A WORD TO SAY AGAINST THAT LADY, IT HAD BETTER NOT BE SAID IN MY PRESENCE, THAT'S ALL!"

Grandpapa. "I SAY A WORD AGAINST HER! WHY, BLESS YOUR HEART, MY DEAR BOY! I WAS HEAD OVER EARS IN LOVE WITH HER MYSELF—WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE!"

"A HEALTH TO SOUTH KENSINGTON!"

(Being some Rough Notes from the Music of the Opening Ceremony.)

Bravo, bravissimo! Quite the best thing in Exhibitions that has yet been seen. Bravo, the Executive Committee! Bravissimo, H.R.H. the Prince of WALES and Mr. SOMERS VINE! The Vine that has so greatly flourished during the last two years—a wag would add, quite what might be expected of a good Vine connected with equally good Somers. But to business—for this is trifling.

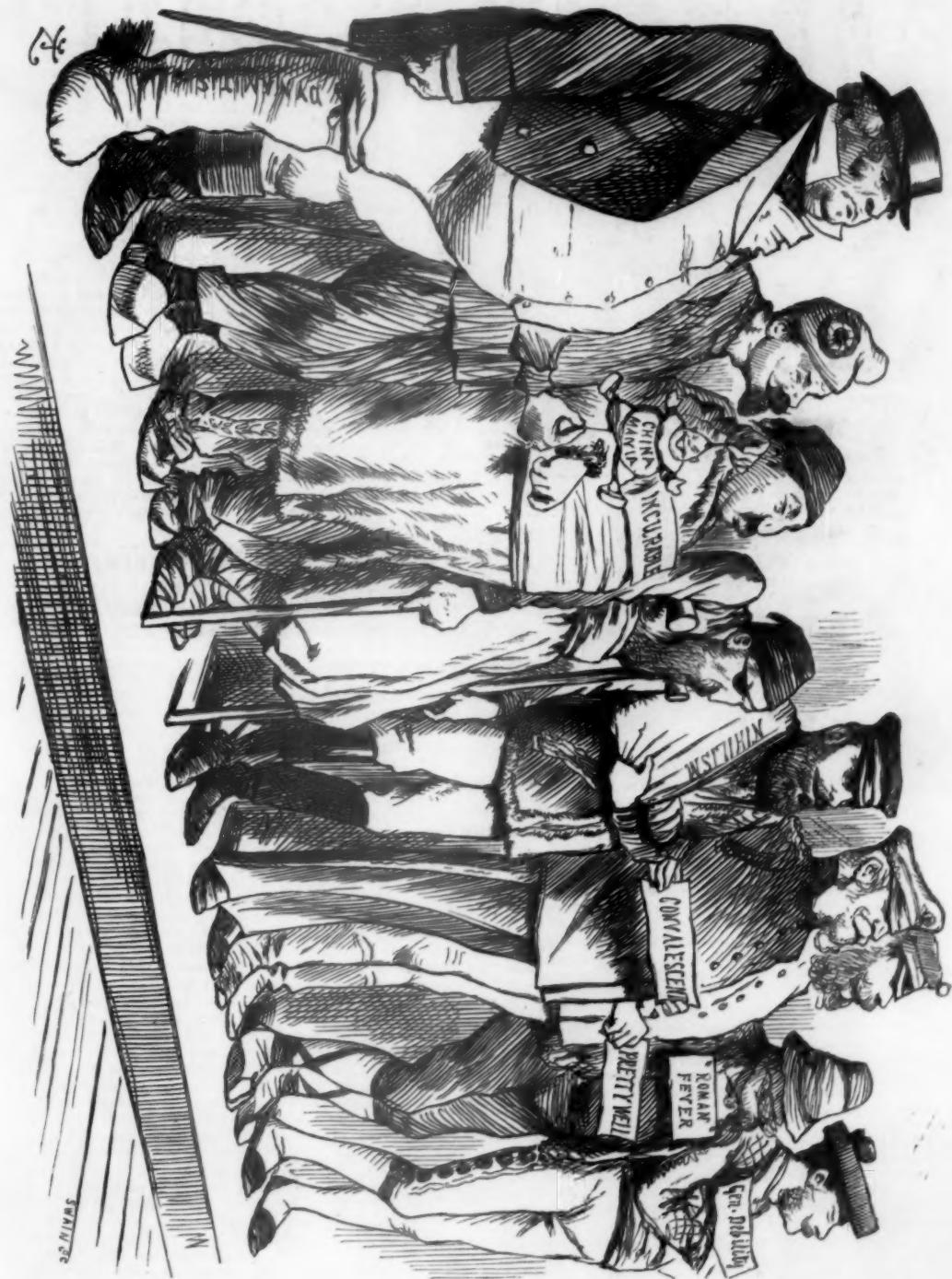
To commence then: It was a happy thought of the "Authorities" to usher in the Show with an "Exhibition," kindly supplied by those taking part in the inaugural ceremony, the more especially as the chief actors in that ceremony "entered into the spirit of the thing" with the utmost heartiness.

The season-ticket holders and the specially invited guests were there in their hundreds and thousands. Apparently marshalled into their places by more than half the entire police force of the Metropolis, were all sorts and conditions of men, from the humble and liveried waiter for copy for the evening papers (who accommodated himself with a seat seemingly intended for the Editor of the *Times*) up to Dukes, Marquises, and the great little Sir JOHN BENNETT himself. For a good two hours (the impatient gave the period of time a harsher title) the assembled throng waited for the approaching procession. Occasionally strains of distant music were heard, and it afforded some amusement to those who watched to guess at the tunes to which those strains belonged. It was triumphantly discovered that this bar belonged to "*The Lost Chord*," and that to the "*Turkish Patrol*." Then "*God Save the Queen!*" was played, and some Ladies entered, and took their places on the platform. For a moment, as one of the new-comers was elderly, it was imagined that "the Duke" had arrived; but the rumour was quickly discredited, as it was confidently expected by all present that His Royal Highness would certainly be clothed in his military scarlet, out of compliment to the grand old waxwork figures in the Western Gallery so

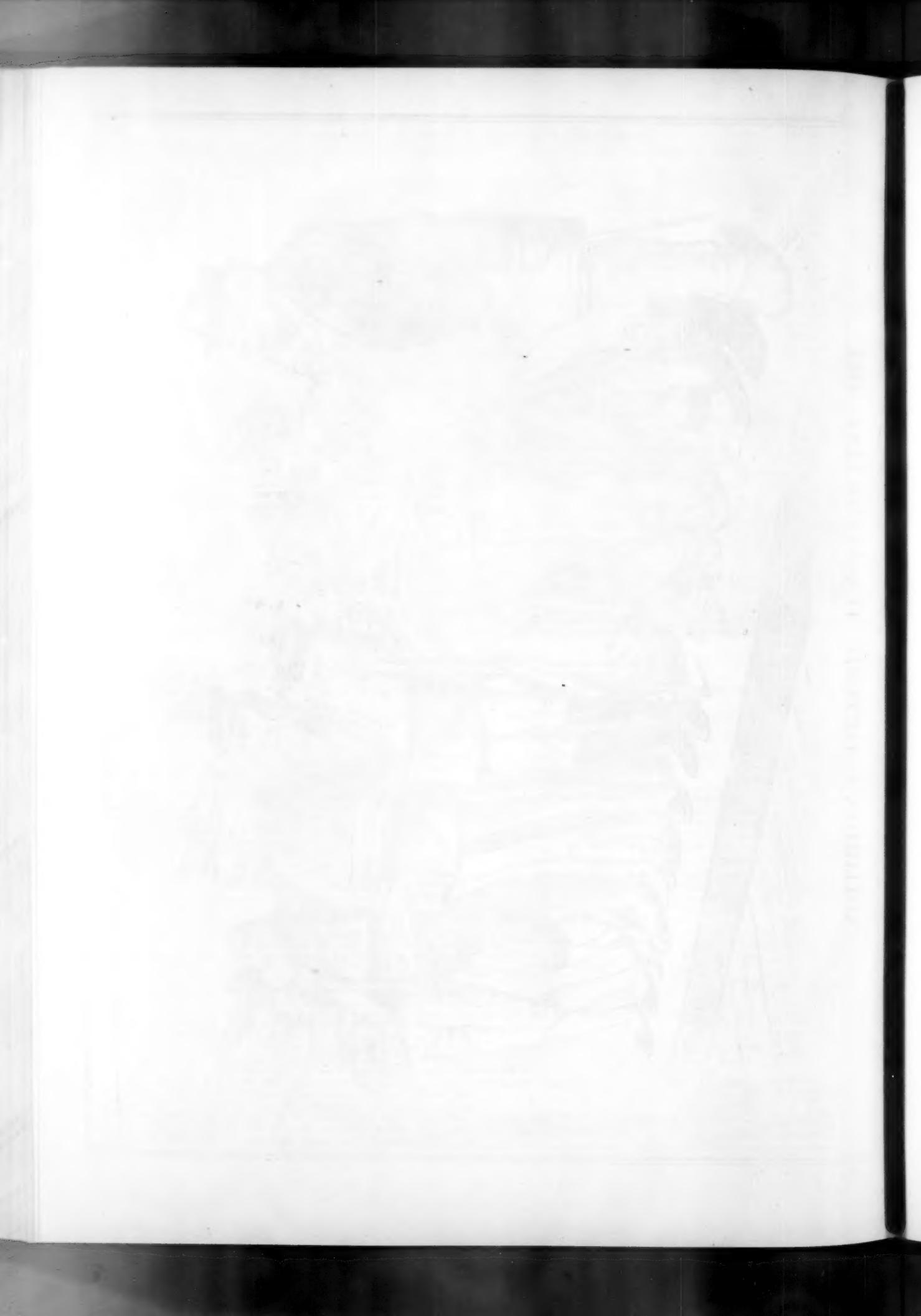
nobly standing, ready to create merriment, in the long-discarded uniforms of the British Army of the olden time, and having evidently so much to do with health—uniform health, of course. But the ancient dame was identified with a Grand Duchess with an unpronounceable name, and the excitement subsided. A few minutes later the distant band again played the National Anthem, and the *dais* was shortly afterwards occupied by the volunteer exhibitors to whom allusion has already been made. As the collection was unique, to render it historical the following details are subjoined:

| Name of Exhibitor. | Nature of Exhibit. |
|---|--|
| H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. | "Frock-coat suit" (as advertised), bold fancy-bordered handkerchief, and Ribbon of the Garter. |
| The LORD MAYOR of London | White necktie, fancy tweed trousers, scarlet dressing-gown (superior quality) trimmed with fur, and some massive gold cables. |
| The Sheriffs. | Evening-dress and scarlet dressing-gown (superior quality), and smaller gold cables. |
| The Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. | Quaint old hat (maker's address, "Greenwich,"—no doubt a relic of some bygone Parliamentary election), rather valuable family umbrella, and collars. |
| MUSURUS PASHA. | Sad expression, well-worn fes, and "The Masher's Overcoat" (as advertised). |
| The Rt. Hon. Sir W. HARcourt. The Duke of BUCKINGHAM. | A very interesting pair of boots. National costume—the English undertaker. |

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 17, 1884.



THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.



Perhaps the most remarkable personages in the above group were the LORD MAYOR and the Sheriffs, who looked in their scarlet robes (all the rest of the company wore morning dress) as if they had been vainly attempting to obtain permission to stand as figures in a Chamber of Horrors. They created so much merriment that Sir ROBERT WALTER CARDEEN, who was seated immediately beneath them, at once assumed, with his fine feeling of *camaraderie*, a quaint old hat and a white woollen shawl worn across the shoulders to cause a diversion in their favour. The clever *ruse* was most successful, and the venerable and kind-hearted Alderman immediately shared with his colleagues the popular ridicule.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM now read a long Address, composed principally of advertisements and words commencing with the eighth letter of the Alphabet, which his Grace took much trouble to properly aspirate. It is only just to observe that this trouble was nearly invariably rewarded with success. Having finished rather abruptly, he started the Duke of CAMBRIDGE (who had been going quietly to sleep) into a response. The illustrious Field-Marshal leisurely produced some sheets of foolscap, and commenced reading with apparent difficulty a reply. He was immediately hailed with a distant howl of "Speak up!" to which request he acceded, by practical assent, a more or less gracious reply. His Royal Highness stumbled now and then over the sentences, and on one occasion came to an absolute full stop while he peered, with an expression of "Hang it all! what on earth is this word?" at the mysterious hieroglyphics inscribed on the paper before him. Where at this supreme moment was Mr. SOMERS VINE, or at all events the Superintendent of the Literary Department? However, all difficulties were at length surmounted, and, with a hearty declaration "that the Exhibition was open," the ceremony concluded. Then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM seemingly pointed out to His Royal Highness the beauties of two *employés* of some Photographic Company grouped over a doorway, and the immense throng was once more (like the machinery) in motion. Two hours later the general Public were admitted, and inspection of the other exhibits became impossible. *Au revoir!*

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

DEAR GEE-GEE—I MEAN G. G., GEORGE GROSSMITH,

You can't get away from the Savoy—(but you could if you would, as you are off the Stage for about an hour, and have only to put on an ulster, and cross the road, to "come as you are" to the Globe Theatre)—and so I write to tell you about *Dick*, which has been out for some time. It is a New and Original Comic Opera, at least so say Messrs. MURRAY and JAKOBOWSKI (isn't that a bootiful name?), its Author and Composer respectively, and I am bound to believe them. So are you. The advertisements announce it as a big success. I went to see *Dick* just to oblige you. How do I like it? Well—how would you like it, if you had seen it? First, you would be immensely pleased with the title *Dick*, as the hero is *Dick Whittington*. You would be charmed with Miss CAMILLE DUBOIS as *Dick*, who is a sort of Prince out of a Gaiety Extravaganza, "with nods and becks and wreathed smiles" to make up for any want of strength in vocalisation; though what Miss DUBOIS has to sing she does very nicely, and would do still better, you would say, without this straining after a "chic-a-leery" style, which results in being more *chic-a-leery* than *chic*.

But what would strike you as novel is the action, and the stage-business of the characters in every chorus. For instance, the girls in the Girls' School are always bobbing, or nodding, or curtseying to one another during the choruses and symphonies. You've never seen this sort of thing at the Savoy or at the Opéra Comique, have you? They wouldn't do that sort of thing there, would they? Then there's a Chorus of Aldermen in their robes. You've never seen anything like that, have you? Not Peers, but Aldermen. What a chance Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN would have, if W. S. GILBERT would only introduce this style of thing now and then, eh?

You would throw bouquets to Mr. SHINE, who is really capital as the Alderman *Fitzwarren*. When he enters, he comes forward and sings a song, telling the audience how he came to be an Alderman! Ah, my dear GEORGE, isn't this what you would like to do? A proud and happy man would W. S. GILBERT be now, had it only struck him to bring you on, in any one of his pieces, as celebrity with a comic song, telling them how you had risen to that position! What chances Sir ARTHUR would have had if W. S. G. had only given you one such song as this, telling them how you became a First Lord of the Admiralty, or a Chancellor, or a Judge, as the case might be! But it's no use regretting.

You would have interrupted the Comic Opera for at least two minutes to applaud Mr. CHARLES LYALL as a sort of Pirate, in which character he sings a song with chorus of his followers, also a sort of Pirates, all doing mysterious press-gang action. Isn't this a novelty, eh? Oh, you'd pick up a lot of hints here! You would really enjoy *Dick's* song, the School-girls' Chorus, and Miss ETHEL PIERSON's effective rendering of *Alice's* song. Should you occasionally show an

inclination to nod your approbation of the dialogue, I should have the pleasure of waking you to notice the business of the *finale*, which I have not seen so effectively done since it was tried in a silly Operatic Burlesque, called *The Fresh Waterman*, at the Opéra Comique.

This brings down the Curtain to a hearty *encore*, well-merited by the spirited action of the entire company, led by Mr. SHINE, though I'm afraid you would have had to "cut it" long before this *finale* in order to return in time for your arduous duties as *Prince Poppet*, or whatever it is you are appearing as, at the Savoy; the CARTES would be waiting at the door to take you back again,—and the sooner *Dick's* Author and Composer "cut it" too the better for this First Act. The shorter the Acts the longer the run. This is worth noting.

With the Second Act, whatever your opinion might be on seeing it, I was much pleased. It doesn't drag, it goes briskly, the music, if commonplace (except the cigarette song and chorus, which is very effective and original in every way) is pleasing, and the three Dervishes are amusing, with their dance and gymnastics. You



Kicking up a Shine.

it, I was much pleased. It doesn't drag, it goes briskly, the music, if commonplace (except the cigarette song and chorus, which is very effective and original in every way) is pleasing, and the three Dervishes are amusing, with their dance and gymnastics. You



Cigarette per esser felice.

never saw *Patience*, I suppose? No; well, then, you do not know that in that eccentric Opera three young men (who were they? I forgot) became *Æsthetes*, sang a trio, and danced the symphony. It was very good; but oh, if they had only had the advantage of having studied this trio of Dancing Dervishes before they did theirs! Then they would have seen how each one could have sung his verse in the centre and danced to the side, and how the man at the side could dance into the centre to sing his verse, and so on. What a trio that one in *Patience* might have been, had SULLIVAN and GILBERT and their three young men, whose names I cannot remember, only seen the "business" of this trio in *Dick*!

Miss GLADYS HOMFREYS is a magnificent Princess (you haven't got such an aristocratic name at the Savoy as GLADYS HOMFREYS); and if Signor VERDI had only witnessed the performance of the little black boys with drum and dance before he wrote *Aida*, he might have made his ten little nigger boys so much better.

You must put on a cloak, you can easily cover over your *Prince Poppet* or *Fairy Brilliantina*'s dress (whatever it is)—and run round to see *Dick*. It will freshen you up—although I know you will say that "the Globe Managers haven't taken the Shine out of your Company." So like you. Bless you. Yours ever.

NIBBS.

P.S.—By the way, during the couple of hours you have to spare at night just go and see the Empire. *C'est magnifique*,—but I fancy you won't consider it a very amusing entertainment,—not a "sidesplittingen," as Germans (under certain circumstances) would say. I am told they give M. PAULUS ninety pounds a week for his two or three French songs, and I am also informed that he gets more than this in Paris. If so, why doesn't he stay in Paris? However,—though of course you receive three times as much for singing only half a song, yet if the Empire doesn't do an enormous business, Petrus, whoever he may be, will have to suffer in order to pay Paulus.

Yours again,

N.



THE CELEBRATED SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(As recently played by those Eminent Comedians, Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury.)

Cassius. "DO YOU CONFESS SO MUCH? GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

[And they were "only pretending," after all!]

BONNET-BUILDING.—The versatile and amusing "MADGE" in *Truth* thus describes the new "Artichoke Bonnet":—

"The whole of the crown is covered with leaves made of moss-coloured silk, exactly like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, and overlapping each other in the same way. . . . Frills of dark moss-coloured velvet cover the brim, and a bunch of buttercups and "what's-o'-clocks" form the trimming. The strings are of moss-green terry."

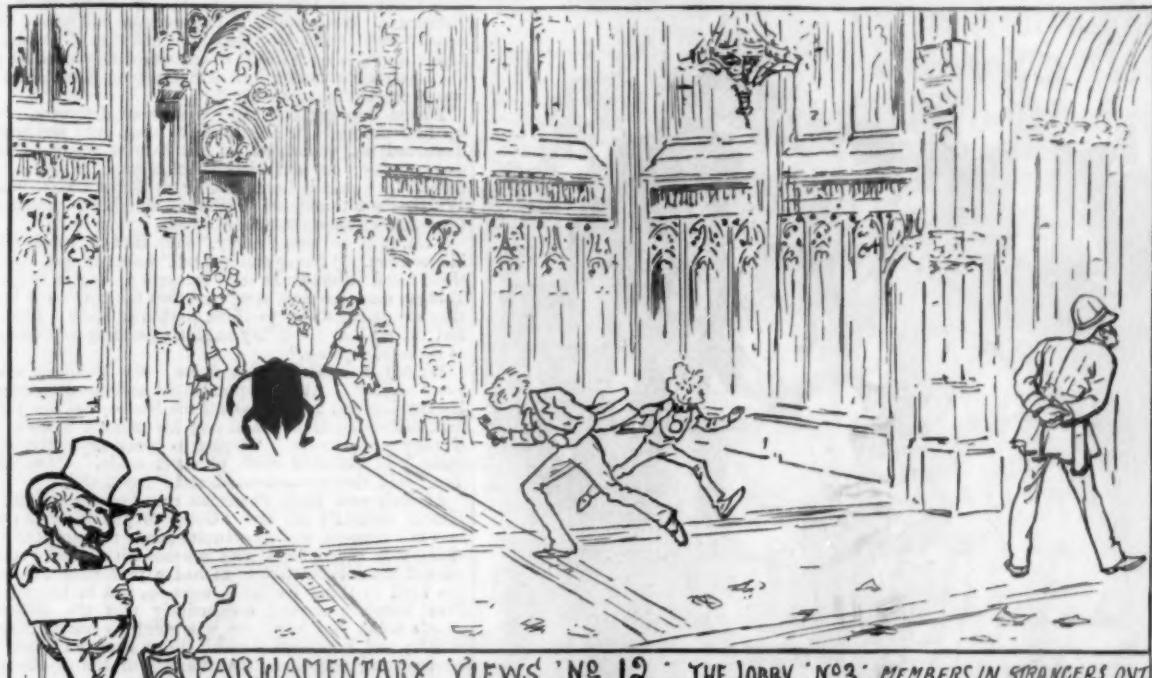
The latter, of course, by kind permission of Mr. EDWARD TERRY of the Gaiety Theatre. (Song, "Farewell, my Moss-green Terry!") We saw several of these bonnets in fashionable circles, or rather encircling fashionable heads, the other day, therefore we can assure our fair readers that the above description is not merely a flight of "imagination," but a literal fact. This novel head-dress is now called the "Hearty Joke Bonnet," but it is only the clever Bonneteer—if she gets her bill paid—knows where the laugh comes in.

A CLOSE TIME FOR WHISKEY.—In reply to a deputation from Midlothian, the other day, Mr. GLADSTONE said—

"In Scotland the people had long enjoyed the benefits of Sunday closing, and as soon as possible, without doubt or hesitation, the Government would press forward into law the Irish Sunday Closing Bill."

It would be interesting to know whether the severe Sabbatarianism of Scotland has been conducive to sobriety, and if the "whiskey" consumed on that day is less than any other. Possibly these statistics would be difficult to arrive at.

So MR. BROADHURST'S Resolution for the legalisation of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister was carried by a majority of 238 to 127! This is an example of what the House of Commons can do if it likes to exercise its Commons' Sense. Those who are against the Measure argue as if Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister were to be made compulsory! We beg to inform the Lords that this is *not so*.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS : NO 12 : THE LOBBY : NO 3 : MEMBERS IN STRANGERS OUT

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.
EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 5.—“So you see, Toby,” said Sir STAFFORD, “we’ve got rid of RANDOLPH at last. Always sure crisis would come. Often when he’s been standing at the corner there, jibing at me, felt my blood boil. Longed to be at him; all Cross and SMITH could do to keep me down in seat. Glad now to reflect that I preserved command over myself.”

“Yes,” said W. H. SMITH, rubbing his hands nervously, “always felt we took the right course. ‘Give him rope enough over my maxim.’”

“Quite true,” adds Grand Cross, pleasantly polishing his spectacles, “though must say that once or twice, looking in after dinner and finding him on his legs, ‘viewing both Front Benches with strict impartiality,’ as he impudently said, I felt inclined to go for him. Could have settled him in single round when my blood was up. But as NORTHCOTE says, best as it is. Might have given me personally a lift, but everything for the Party, say I; no washing of dirty linen on floor of House.”

“I suppose he really is knocked over for good?” I asked.

“Oh, dear me, yes,” says Sir STAFFORD, uneasily glancing over his shoulder and thrusting arms up sleeve.

“Oh dear me, yes,” echoed Cross and SMITH.

Just then RANDOLPH lounged in communing with moustache. Extraordinary effect upon victorious party. Sir S. NORTHCOTE suddenly grew limp, and brow clouded with look of agonised apprehension. W. H. SMITH, strange pallor stealing over ruddy countenance, looked straight over at opposite wall as if he saw a cockroach crawling up it. Grand Cross abruptly absorbed in study of Orders.

“It’s all very well for them to talk, you know, Toby,” Sir STAFFORD tremulously whispered; “but he’s a terrible fellow, and though of course we’ve got him down now, nobody knows what might happen. He might instruct Goner to impeach us; or he might order WOLFE to take me up on his back and carry me clean out of the House. Nice sight that would be—me astride WOLFE’s back, and both of us with our spectacles on! Wish he’d go away somewhere, and leave us in peace.”

Business done.—Army Votes in Supply. JOSEPH GILLIS spent very pleasant evening bullying HARTINGTON, and insisting upon replies. Delightful to watch HARTINGTON with hands in pocket on Treasury Bench whilst J. G., with thumb in armhole of waistcoat, judiciously cross-examined him. Give a plateful of chicken bones to have had at that moment HARTINGTON’s opinion of JOEY B.

Tuesday.—At last in Committee on Franchise Bill. First Clause,

setting forth title of proposed Act, passed without debate or division. “And they call us Obstructives!” said CHAPLIN. Made up for it in Committee. Moved Amendments on every word as far as we’ve got. CHARLES M’LAUREN, who has got some useful returns lately, going to move for one showing when Debate will close, supposing there is an Amendment on every word and two Amendments per sitting are disposed of.

“Oh, we’ll have it in plenty of time,” he said, when suggestion offered that Bill would be through before Return printed. “Believe printers have, in consequence of remonstrance, put on another boy; if pressed, could manage short Return like that before end of July.”

CAVENDISH BENTINCK, in his ingenuous way, lets out of bag. Grand Cross and the rest gravely protest passionate desire to see Bill passed. Only want a few Amendments.

“Don’t know what Gentlemen here want,” says CAVENDISH. “What I want is to see the Bill thrown out.”

CAVENDISH seized by cont-tails, and, after violent struggle, pulled back into seat. “Wash matter?” he gasped, giving an extra rumple to his hair. “Haven’t said anything, have I?”

“What with Sir PEEL and TONY LUMPKIN on the Front Bench,” sighed Sir STAFFORD, “and RANDOLPH below the Gangway, the life of Leader of Conservative Opposition not altogether free from anxiety.”

At Evening Sitting, Deceased Wife’s Sister Question on again. BROADHURST’s Motion, declaring relief urgent, carried by rattling majority. Speech of the evening, Pat O’BRIEN’s: characteristically delivered in the morning. BERESFORD HOPE solemnly sawing the air at table, talking stale nonsense; nobody listening; House impatient for Division. Sir PAT quells the turmoil with wave of hand, and proceeds to make “political recantation.” “The first in my life,” he adds, in tone of deep emotion, as if lateness in beginning rather to be regretted. “The religion of which I have the honour of being a humble member,” Sir PAT says, with a gracious wave of his hand. Speech full of historic quotations, personal reminiscences, and topographical references to “the large manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, where mills prevail, and masses congregate.” Sir PAT sat down after ten minutes’ oration. No one quite sure from which side he had “recanted,” but quite clear that HENRY THE EIGHTH is at the bottom of opposition to reform of existing Marriage Laws.

Business done.—Resolution against prohibition of Marriage with Deceased Wife’s Sister carried by 238 Votes against 127.

Wednesday.—“Got a time-table in your pocket, Tony?” said RANDOLPH; “or do you happen to know what time the train starts for Tusculum?”

“What, are you off?”

“Yes; I’m sick of this little game, and mean to leave them to it for a bit.”



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"OH, HOW D'YE DO, SIR BRUIN? AND SO YOU'RE LEAVING ENGLAND FOR GOOD, AND WE SHALL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!"

"NOTHING OF THE KIND! WHO SAYS SO?"

"OH, I SAW IT IN ONE OF THE PAPERS. BUT THE PAPERS DON'T ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH, I'M SORRY TO SAY!"

"Going as TARQUIN went, or as CICERO? Is it preparation for war, or leisure peace?"

"It's just weariness. I'm bored to death with the acrimony of SALISBURY, the feebleness of NORHCOTE, the flabbiness of the Front Bench, and all the miserable little scheming of ambitious mediocrity. I like a game of politics; but let us play up out in the open; say what we mean, and do what we say. This manoeuvring and secret letter-writing, this communication of confidential correspondence, and this stabbing in the back all round, sickens me. I'll try Tuscum a bit. Thanks for your kind reference to TARQUIN. I think I'll begin with the other Party. What do you think of my using up my leisure by writing a new *Essay*, *De Claris Oratoribus*, giving a short account of the eminent orators of the House of Commons, from HICKS-BEACH to ASHMEAD-BARTLETT?"

Sorry to hear RANDOLPH's going. House won't be the same without him. But he won't be long away. As HAROURT says, "He's not the first young man who has thought he'd had enough of political life. GLADSTONE retired in '74."

Spent afternoon in discussion of Scotch Liquor Bill. "Tyranny of these fellows makes one's blood boil," says LOVE JONES PARRY. "Here they've Public-houses shut up on Sunday in Scotland, and now want to close them on other days. If they don't mind they'll have Scotland as disturbed as Ireland."

Much ill-feeling occasioned by CAMERON's bold declaration (after all only a quotation from O'NEILL-EWING) that Dumbarton is the most drunken place in Scotland. "Suppose it's his native place," says RAMSAY, "or he's got some friends there, or he's speculating in property in the town. Mean attempt to play upon Southern ignorance and crack up his own town. I know twenty places that'll drink straight with Dumbarton, and CAMERON will hear from them, too, before the week's out." Business done.—Scotch Permissive Bill found not permissible.

Thursday.—Down for prayers to-day. HENRY LENNOX let me in for it. "Look here, TOBY," says he, yesterday afternoon; "you know a lot, but you're comparatively a young Member of the House. I'm juvenile myself in appearance. But fact is, between you and me, I've been here some years. Take my advice. If you want a seat to-morrow, you must come down for prayers, and secure it."

Got about that I'm going to deliver speech on Navy Estimates. Shall probably not come on till about Ten or half-past; won't be a seat to be had then if you don't ticket it at Prayer Time. Here, take this and study it. Give you clear notion how Navy's gone down since I was Secretary to Admiralty."

Thrust into my paw paper with rows of figures. Sat up half the night trying to make them out; but howls disturbed neighbourhood, so had to give it up. Came down to-day; got seat without difficulty. "Where's the crowd?" I asked Lord HENRY at Six o'Clock, when W. H. SMITH addressing Seven Members, including Chairman of Committees and myself.

"Oh, it'll be here shortly," said HENRY, turning up his trousers. "Never understand," he continued, "why these dead tailors make one's trousers so long in the leg. Told my man wouldn't have 'em below the ankle, and here they are nearly down to third button of boots. Like to feel the cool air about my ankles, especially when going to make big speech."

Waited on. Things got worse; Six Members worn away to Four. At Half-past Eight collapse imminent. HENRY LENNOX ambling about the House and the Lobbies, delivering slips containing his printed figures, as if they were tracts. "Going to speak presently, you know," he observed with pleasant smile. "Oh, ah! Yes," said Member addressed, and hurried off.

At Half-past Eight Chairman called on Lord HENRY. HENRY wouldn't see him. Going to put the vote; all over in a moment, and opportunity gone. So Lord HENRY, rising and surveying empty benches with ghastly smile (meant to indicate that if he had a preference this was the kind of thing he liked), went on, and in hearing of Five Members showed conclusively why the *Bellrophon's* boiler had burst, or was going to burst; forgot which; and how, owing to his (Lord HENRY LENNOX's) advice being neglected, the gunwale of the *Audacious* was scarcely ever dry.

Business done.—Navy Estimates. Long speaking and short voting.

Friday.—Got two Bills referred to Grand Committee at Morning Sitting. At Evening Sitting, House promptly Counted Out. Fact is, Conservative Opposition a little off their heads; letting things go anyhow. RANDOLPH has graciously permitted himself to be soothed. SALISBURY gives him at once large slice of demand, promises rest by-and-by. Great meeting of Party to-day. RANDOLPH and STAFFORD publicly kissed each other, and so it's all right.

"Till next week or next month," says CHAPLIN, who doesn't like turn things have taken.

ODE TO THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

By One of the "Skied."

RAISE the gallows up on high,
Make them firm and very strong,
Standing up against the sky,
Let the drop be duly long:
Plant them to-day in the heart of the City,
And thereon we'll hang up the Hanging Committee.

I've a picture painted well,
Near the ceiling they've hung me,
Say, how can a fellow sell?
When the patron cannot see?
Raise up the scaffold, then—who would have pity?
And hang up on high all the Hanging Committee.

I've a friend the Critics praise,
Who can doubt that they are right?
Paints far better than R.A.'s,
He's hung nearly out of sight:
And dozens will join me in singing this ditty,
"Go hang up the whole of the Hanging Committee!"

Mr. PUNCH begs to acknowledge the receipt of a box full of the most beautiful Roses from the Nursery Grounds—so they are quite young Roses—of Mr. W. RUMSEY, of Waltham Cross. Mr. Punch has presented them to several young Ladies of his acquaintance, and retained some therewith to deck his classic brow and to wreath the bowl at his symposium.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—MAY 17, 1884.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

KINAHAN'S "THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES."

FULL, MILD, AND MELLOW AND MOST WHOLESOME.

LL WHISKY.

THE GOLD MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1885.

2 GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY.

TIRED NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER.

GREENLEES BROTHERS,
LONDON, GLASGOW, AND ARGYLLSHIRE.

PRIZE MEDAL WHISKY
OF THE CORK DISTILLERS' COMPANY
(Limited). Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876. JAMES A. SWANSON.

VERY FINE, FULL FLAVOR,
AND GOOD SPIRIT. Gold Medal at Paris Exhibition, 1878. First Prize Medal at Sydney Exhibition, 1878. Three First-Class Prize Medals, Cork Exhibition, 1883. JURORS' AWARD—“Wine unquestionably as fine a specimen as one has a right to see.” This fine Irish Whisky may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to Wholesale Merchants, in casks and cases, by

THE CORK DISTILLERS' COMPANY (Limited), Morrison's Island, Cork.



ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous Highl.land Small Still.

2s. the Gallon, Mr. the Dozen, Carriage Paid. Cash only.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED AT THE CALCUTTA EXHIBITION, 1884.

Agents for India: CUTTER, PALMER, & CO.
MILFORD MATTHEWS & COMPANY, Whisky
Merchants, Offices: 32 and 34, Albany Street,
London, N.W.

Sold by all respectable Wine Merchants.
Duty considerably reduced, 5th April, 1884.

HEERING'S ONLY GENUINE COPENHAGEN

EST. 1818. CHERRY Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.

PETER F. HEERING, BRANDY.
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH AND IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURTS, AND H.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BRILL'S SEA SALT.

1d. per Bath. Invigorating and Refreshing.

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS APOLLINARIS ANNUAL SALE 10,000,000.

LITCHFIELDS (TELEPHONE No. 8795.)

RARE PORCELAIN. 28 & 30, HANWAY STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

"ABSOLUTELY PURE"—See ANALYSIS,
and post free on application.

"CRYSTAL SPRINGS" MINERAL WATER,
manufactured for their purity
for HALF-A-CENTURY.

Situated on the premises,
and exclusively the private property
of the firm.

Established 1825. WATERS.

Soda, Potash, Bitter, Lemonade, Aromatic Ginger Ale. For Gent: Lithia Water, and Lithia and Potash Water.

Corks branded—"R. ELLIS & SON, RUTHIN,"
and every Label is registered, bears their Names
and Trade Mark.

Sold Everywhere and Wholesale of
R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales,
Manufacturers to the Royal Family.

London Agents: W. BEST & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

CAUTION.— Beware of spurious imitations, and insist on having ELLIS'S RUTHIN MINERAL WATERS.

SOLE ADDRESS:

R. ELLIS & SON, RUTHIN, NORTH WALES.

What shall I Drink?

The Lancer has subjected the Montreal Lime Juices to full analysis for quality and purity, and recommends the public to drink it in preference to any form of alcohol.

MONTSENNAT
LIME-FRUIT
JUICE
CORDIALS

AROMATIC CLOVE, STRAWBERRY, RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE, SAPSAPILLA, JARGONELLE, QUININE, PEPPERMINT.
Retail from Grocers, Druggists, and Wine Merchants everywhere.

GOLD MEDAL FOR CHAMPAGNE
AT THE
CALCUTTA EXHIBITION
HAS BEEN AWARDED TO
PERINET & FILS'
REIMS.

WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE.
HALF-PRICE.

When Buying
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,
save Half the Cost by getting
HOLBROOK & CO.'S
Name in Red Letters on Black Ground.

HOOPING COUGH—ROCHE'S HERBAL ERICHOAT. The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Edwards & Son, 157, Queen Victoria Street (formerly of St. Paul's Church-yard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s per bottle.

"The" PHOTOGRAPHERS
222 LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER NOTTINGHAM
REGENT GLASGOW BIRMINGHAM NEWCASTLE
EDINBURGH BRADFORD BOOTLE
LEEDS HARLEY WIGAN
LONDON

Brown Barnes & Bell
Guaranteed perfectly pure Cocoa only.
SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS.

ALLEN & HAMBURYS
"Perfected"
COD-LIVER
OIL

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod Liver Oil can be."

LANCET.—"Has almost the delicacy of Salad Oil."—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

No dangerous irritations follow after its swallowed.

Manufactured at ALLEN & HAMBURYS' own Factory in Norway from fresh and selected Livers of the Cod ONLY, and by ALLEN & HAMBURYS' special and distinct process, it possesses all the invaluable medicinal and nutritive properties of the remedy in their highest degree of extraction. It is the only Oil which does not "repeat," and, for these reasons, the most efficacious kind in use. In capsules bottles only, at 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., and 6s. Sold everywhere.

A & H
YEAR 1719

Allen & Hanburys'

MALT EXTRACT

forms a valuable adjunct to Cod Liver Oil, being not only a highly concentrated and nutritious food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy and farinaceous matters, rendering them easy of assimilation by the system, enabling the body to be utilised by the manufacturer of ALLEN & HAMBURYS' Malted Farinaceous Food for Infants. ALLEN & HAMBURYS' MALT EXTRACT is unsurpassed by any similar article in the market, under whatever name it may be sold, and will be found less expensive than any other. It is easily prepared, and can be obtained through all Chemists. The Malt, in bottles, at 2s. and 3s. 6d.; the Food, in tins, at 1s., 2s., 3s., and 4s.

ALLEN & HAMBURYS,
PLough COURT, LOMBARD ST., LONDON.

THE WONDERFUL
VELVETEENS
AT 2/- A YARD.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now well known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

If a dress should be torn, or be in any way spoilt or faulty, LEWIS'S will give a new dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens, in Pairs, is 2s. 6d. per yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. a yard. The Public, although they don't know it, have to pay two or three pounds the difference between what the manufacturer's price and the price the consumer pays for Velveteens.

LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and sell them at the lowest possible price. They sell them to the Public for 2s. a yard. LEWIS'S ask Ladies to write for Patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens.

They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, produce their Velveteens more than others do.

WHITE for PATTERNS on an ordinary Post-Card.

LEWIS'S Pay Carriage on all Orders to any address in Great Britain or Ireland.
WHEN WRITING, PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

LEWIS'S
IN MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

Fry's Cocoa Extract.

Most Pleasant to the Palate.

Tikheel
cures Neuralgia
Faceache, Tic
and Toothache,
Nervous & Sick Headache.

FROM A CLERGYMAN
OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Dec. 20th, 1883.

"Gentlemen—I have great pleasure in recommending to your valuable patients the preparation 'Tikheel.' In cases where I have known it to be used, it was most effectual in curing Neuralgia, and every Toothache. I hope you will be well repaid for sending me samples and money."—THE DOCTOR OF THE FAIRIES MAGAZINE, Bedlam, Northgate, Liverpool.

Price 2s. 6d., to be obtained of all Chemists everywhere. Do not be persuaded to "TRY SOMETHING ELSE." Parcels Free Post for 1s. 6d. in stamp or P.O.G., from the Manufacturer, CLARK, NEAR, & CO., 1,2 & 3, YORK TERRACE, SEVEN DIALS, Merton, 14, Brixton Road, Brixton, W. 4, Cheshunt, E.C. 4, HUNTERSTON, Duncarr, Flockhart & Co., PARIS, Roberts & Co., 6, Rue de la Paix, BELFAST; Gratton & Co.

MR. MILES,

CELEBRATED
TAILOR

AND
TROUSERS MAKER,

HAS

REMOVED

TO

— 21 —

OLD BOND ST.



BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS

CLEANS GLOVES—CLEANS DRESSES

CLEANS GLOVES—CLEANS DRESSES

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS

REMOVES TAR, OIL, PAINT, GREASE

FROM FURNITURE, CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS

See the word COLLAS on the Label.

See the word COLLAS on the Cap.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS,

Sold every where, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.

Agents: J. HAWKES & SON, 68, Oxford St., W.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
NATURAL APERIENT

Hunyadi Water

János

- 1 "Sailor" Suit, for Boys of 5 to 7 years.
- 2 "Sailor" Suit, for Boys of 8 to 9 years.
- 3 "Marine" Suit, for Boys of 10 to 11 years.
- 4 "Sergeant" Suit, for Boys of 12 to 13 years.
- 5 "Midshipman" Suit, for Boys of 14 to 15 years.
- 6 "Bomber" Suit, for Boys of 16 to 17 years.



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, 65 & 67, SYDENHAM HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.



THE PUBLIC ARE WARNED to see that they are supplied with the ARGOSY proper. As the ARGOSY is the ONLY BRACE WITH TWO INDEPENDENT CORD ATTACHMENTS GOING FROM BACK TO FRONT, besides having other special features not contained in the imitations which dealers, trading on the popularity and name of the ARGOSY, introduce for the sake of extra profit, insist on having the ARGOSY BRACE, and see that the name is stamped on every pair.

OF EVERY HOSIER AND OUTFITTER THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Wholesale only. Central Depot, 6 & 7, Newgate Street, London.

HEAL & SON.—BEDDING.

HEAL & SON.—BEDROOM FURNITURE.

HEAL & SON'S Illustrated CATALOGUE, with 90 Designs and Price List of Bedding, sent free by post.

190 to 196, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

DEAR VANITY.—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more especially. It is called "Talons Rouge," or "Glykaline," three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will instantly do away with the most obstinate of colds.—"Talon Rouge," VANITY FAIR, March 17, 1887. GLYKALINE, prepared by LEATH & ROBB, 8, St. Paul's, and 9, Vere St., All Chemists, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d.; post, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS
AND PERFUMERS, IN
ELEGANT CRYSTAL
TOILET CASKET
PRICE 2/6.
ALSO IN PATENT
METALLIC BOX
PRICE 1/-



THE "EASY" LAWN MOWER, With all



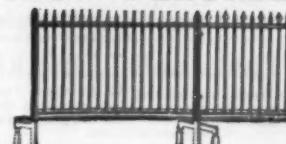
Repeatedly supplied to the Royal and Imperial Courts.

EGERTON BURNETT'S

"Include the Best Makes" of this indispensable Material for Ladies and Gentlemen for all Climates.

"THE QUEEN" says it is pre-eminently useful, and that quality recommends it to practical minds and purses of all lengths. Double-Wide MILITARY SERGE, 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per yd.; 27 to 31-inch Serges for ROYAL NAVY, 1s. 11d. to 2s. 6d. per yd.; Double-Wide Serges for INDIA and SUMMER WEAR, 4s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. per yd.

IRON FENCING.



Catalogue of all kinds of Iron and Wire Fence, Hurdles, Gates, Tree Guards, Poultry, Lawn-Tennis, and Cricket-Ground Fence, Wire Netting, Stable Fittings, &c., &c., free on application.

BATLIS, JONES, & BATLIS, Wolverhampton, And 3, Crooked Lane, King William Street, E.C.

Please name this Paper.

NEW PATTERNS POST FREE
With other Fashionable Fabrics
in the Newest Tints.

PRICES

1s. 2d. to 4s. 6d. per Yd.
EXTRA STRONG SCHOOL-
BOY SERGE, 31 inches,
2s. 3d. per Yd.

ROYAL SERGES.

FAST DYE.

ADDRESS—

EGERTON BURNETT, No. B, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.
NO AGENTS. ANY LENGTH CUT.

PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC,

Strengthens and develops the nervous energies, enriches the blood, promotes appetite, dispels languor and depression, fortifies the digestive organs. Is a remedy for Neuralgia, indigestion, fevers, chest affections, and wasting diseases, &c. Bottles, 32 doses. Sold by Chemists. Insist on having Pepper's Tonic.

SKIN DISEASES CURED.

SULPHOLINE LOTION removes eruptions, pimples, redness, blotches, scurf, in a few days. Is highly successful in eczema, psoriasis, prurigo, tetter, &c. It totally destroys many deep-seated inveterate skin affections. Sold everywhere.

SULPHOLINE LOTION.

An external means of curing skin diseases. There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE and commence to fade away. The effect is astonishing. It destroys the animalcules which cause these unsightly affections, and ensures a smooth, clear, healthy, and luminous complexion, quite harmless. Sold by Chemists. Bottles, 1s. 6d.

FOR FISH, CHOPS, STEAKS,
MELLOR'S SAUCE IS THE
MANUFACTORY WORCESTER

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and take

HOP BITTERS.

If you are a man of letters, toiling over your middle work, to restore brain and nerve waste, take

HOP BITTERS.

If you are young and growing too fast, or if you are suffering from the effects of any over-indulgence, take

HOP BITTERS.

If you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take

HOP BITTERS.

If you have DISSIPATION, KIDNEY OR URINARY COMPLAINTS, disease of the STOMACH, BOWELS, BLOOD, LIVER, OR REINFS? You will be cured if you take

HOP BITTERS.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. Your skin, countenance, hair, eyes, &c., are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. In bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 1s. each, of all Chemists. Send 2s. or 3s. by stamp to THE LONCOLN AND MIDLAND DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,
MADE AND MANUFACTURED
LADIES' HATS, &c.
BUSINESS SUITS,
MORNING SUITS,
TRAVELLING SUITS,
DRESS SUITS,
CLASSICAL SUITS,
OUTWEAR,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
CYCLING, CRICKETING,
BOATING, SWIMMING,
HUNTING, GOLF,
HOTEL, OVERCOATS,
HOTEL SCHOOL UNIFORM,
HOTEL HOSPITAL,
HOTEL PORTERS AND SERVANTS,
LADIES' COATS,
LADIES' MARTLES.

Messrs. SAMUEL BROWN respectfully invite applications for Patterns of their New Materials to be presented to them. They will be forwarded Post Free, together with the Illustrations and Price-List, containing the latest and most complete and becoming styles of COSTUME for GENTLEMEN, BOYS, and LADIES.

FOR HUNTING AND BOOK WEAR.

BENSON'S specially
MADE 225 GOLD ENAMELED
KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETER,
BREGUET SPRING, Jewelled, and
adjusted to keep Perfect Time. Guaranteed
entirely my best Chronometer, to
keep Perfect Time, and last a
lifetime. In all Sizes. Sent free for
£25; Silver, £15.

The Hunting Editor of the Firm, after a trial of one of these watches
concluded over four months ago—
"I have used this watch
four months, and have carried it
hunting sometimes five days week,
and never less than three. I
can concur in his recommendation. Messrs.
Benson's hunting watch as one that
can be depended on."

FIELD, March 26, 1884.

£25

£10

BENSON'S LADY'S GOLD WATCH, KEYLESS ACTION, Stout, Damp and Dust-proof, 16-Carat, Hunting or Half-Hunting Case, with Monogram Engraved. Guaranteed the Perfection of Workmanship, Durability, Time-keeping, and Strength. Sent free and safe, on receipt of £10 note, by

J. W. BENSON,
The Queen's Watchmaker,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C., and
25, OLD BOND STREET, W.
Gold Chains at Wholesome Prices.
Catalogues Free.



"YOU SHOULD TRY THEIR
MYRTLE GROVE"

KAYE'S
WORSDELL'S
PILLS

THESE
VEGETABLE
PILLS
PURIFY THE
BLOOD.

—a mild but effectual Aperient. They cure Indigestion, Headache, Dyspepsia, Bile, Nervousness, &c.

Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. per box.

ABBOTSFORD GRATES.

MAPPIN & WEBB,
158 to 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

"STOVE" CATALOGUE FREE.